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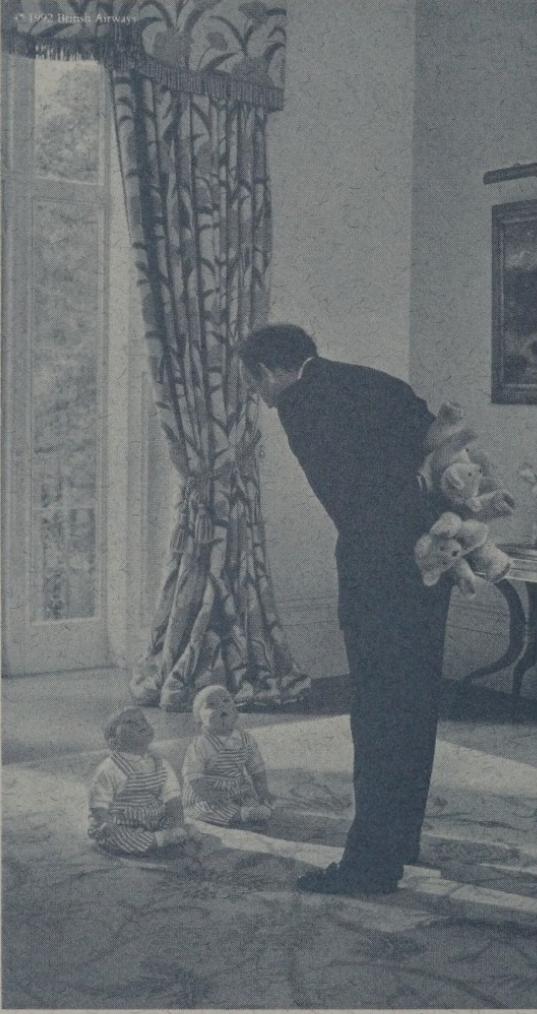
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CHRISTOPHER HOGWOOD, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

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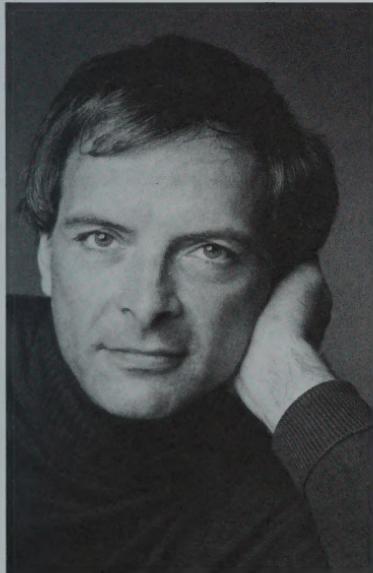
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The Handel & Haydn Society
Christopher Hogwood, Artistic Director
One Hundred Seventy-Eighth Season, 1992-93

Friday, February 12, 1993 at 8:00 p.m.
Jordan Hall at New England Conservatory, Boston
John Finney, Director

THREE CENTURIES OF LOVE IN MUSIC

from Madrigali Guerrieri et Amorosi (1638)

Dolcissimo uscignolo

Anna Soranno, Jean Danton, Pamela Dellal, Martin Kelly, Jonathan Barnhart
Se vittorie si belle

Rockland Osgood, Bruce Lancaster

Non havea Febo ancora (Lamento della ninfa)

Jean Danton, Rockland Osgood, Bruce Lancaster, Jonathan Barnhart

Chi vol haver felice e lieto il core

Jean Danton, Anna Soranno, Pamela Dellal, Martin Kelly, Jonathan Barnhart

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

from Amore Traditore, BWV 203

Recitative: Voglio provar, se posso sanar l'anima mia

Aria: Chi in amore ha nemica la sorte

Thomas Jones

attrib. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Daphnens einziger Fehler (1796)

Rockland Osgood, Bruce Lancaster, Thomas Jones

Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Caro bell' idol mio (canon), KV 562 (1788)

Carole Haber, Anna Soranno, Jean Danton

Wolfgang Amadé Mozart (1756-1791)

An die Frauen (1796)

Rockland Osgood, Bruce Lancaster, Thomas Jones

Haydn

Die Harmonie in der Ehe (1796)

Anna Soranno, Pamela Dellal, Martin Kelly, Thomas Jones

Haydn

INTERMISSION

Drei Quartette, Op. 31 (1864)

Wechselliéd zum Tanze

Neckereien

Der Gang zum Liebchen

Carole Haber, Eleanor Kelley, Martin Kelly, Richard Morrison

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

continued on next page

The Handel & Haydn Society is supported in part by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency, and by a generous grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. The NEA's support enables H&H to present not only several concert series, but also an educational outreach program in over forty Greater Boston area public schools and free public concerts that bring H&H's music to wider audiences.

Neue Liebeslieder, Op. 65 (1874)

Brahms

Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung
Finstere Schatten der Nacht
An jeder Hand die Finger (*Jean Danton*)
Ihr schwarzen Augen (*Richard Morrison*)
Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn (*Mary Ann Valaitis*)
Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter (*Jean Danton*)
Vom Gebirge, Well' auf Well'
Weiche Gräser im Revier
Nagen am Herzen (*Anna Soranno*)
Ich kose süß mit der und der (*Rockland Osgood*)
Alles, alles in den Wind (*Anna Soranno*)
Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster
Nein, Gebliebter, setze dich (*Anna Soranno, Mary Ann Valaitis*)
Flammenauge, dunkles Haar (*Anna Soranno, Mary Ann Valaitis*)
Zum Schluß: Nun ihr Musen, genug!

H&H ENSEMBLE

Soprano	Alto	Tenor	Bass
Jean Danton	Pamela Dellal	Martin Kelly	Jonathan Barnhart
Carole Haber	Eleanor Kelley	Bruce Lancaster	Thomas Jones
Anna Soranno	Mary Ann Valaitis	Rockland Osgood	Richard Morrison

Cello

Alice Robbins

Harpsichord

John Finney

Piano

James David Christie

John Finney

JOHN FINNEY, H&H ASSOCIATE CONDUCTOR



John Finney has been H&H Chorusmaster since 1990, and was named Associate Conductor in 1992. Mr. Finney holds degrees in organ performance from the Oberlin College Conservatory of Music and The Boston Conservatory. He has studied at the North German Organ Academy with Harald Vogel, and at the Academy for Italian Organ Music with Luigi F. Tagliavini. His teachers have included David S. Boe and James David Christie (organ), and Lisa Goode

Crawford (harpsichord).

John Finney has performed solo recitals throughout the United States and in Europe, and has appeared as organist and harpsichordist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the Orchestra of St. Luke's, the Bach Ensemble, Ensemble Abendmusik, and the Smithsonian Chamber Players. In addition to directing the H&H Chamber Series, he plays regularly with the H&H period orchestra. He presently serves as Director of Music for the Wellesley Hills Congregational Church and as Director of the Heritage Chorale in Framingham, and is also Chorusmaster for the Boston Early Music Festival Chorus. Mr. Finney has recorded for Denon, Decca, and Nonesuch.

THREE CENTURIES OF LOVE IN MUSIC

Claudio Monteverdi

The Italian madrigal, which flourished with tremendous vigor and resource between about 1520 and 1620, turned toward drama at the end of this span, an evolution that was helped along by the genius of one of the great musical dramatists, Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643). Monteverdi began his career writing the traditional unaccompanied madrigal but ended it with a new kind of work, still called a madrigal, but conceived on a grandly dramatic scale and with the accompaniment of an instrumental ensemble. One of Monteverdi's largest and most coherent publications was his eighth book of madrigals, which appeared with the title "Songs of Love and War." The "warfare" in question was most often by Cupid, not Mars. Unlike earlier madrigals, written primarily to be performed in the home for an audience rarely extending much beyond the performers themselves, these works are designed for virtuoso singers to present to an audience of listeners, and Monteverdi gave his singers every opportunity for virtuosic or expressive display.

Dolcissimo uscignuolo ("Sweetest nightingale") sets a poem by Giovanni Battista Guarini, and is one of many pieces comparing the fortune of the little bird, whose lovely song attracts a companion, with the poet, who complains that his song does not function equally well. *Se vittorie si belle* reveals clearly that the "warfare" going on here is the battle of the sexes, and for the moment the two tenors, duetting with great battle flourishes, are confident of victory. The less happy side of love is depicted with wonderful ingenuity in the "Lament of the Nymph," *Non bavea Febo ancora*, in which an ensemble of three male voices describes the situation in the first and last parts in a kind of recitative, while the unhappy girl sings the lament over a ground bass (a repeated melody in the low register) as the men observe sympathetically. Here the world of opera, of individual characterization, impinges on the madrigal tradition. *Chi vol baver felice* is paired in Monteverdi's volume with *Dolcissimo uscignolo*, another Guarini text in a similar vein, urging the listener who wishes to have a carefree heart to avoid love.

*Both sets [of Liebeslieder
Waltzes] honor
Brahms's adopted
home, Vienna, and
are filled with a
characteristic Viennese
charm; the first is
generally light-hearted
in spirit, the second far
more passionate.*

Johann Sebastian Bach

Two cantatas with Italian texts have come down to us with attributions to J.S. Bach (1685–1750). Neither one of them survives in the composer's own autograph manuscript, and some scholars doubt their authenticity. Why should Bach—who wrote so many cantatas in German—have turned to Italian for a mere handful? On the other hand, the setting of Italian texts was all but universal among European composers in Bach's day, so this alone is no overriding argument against *Amore traditore* (BWV 203). The text, by an anonymous poet, is naturally about love, and the setting, for bass voice with continuo, is quite traditional, though it is unusual for the harpsichord to play so striking an obbligato part in this aria, which is cast in the normal *da capo* pattern of the vast majority of arias of that time.

Joseph Haydn and

Wolfgang Amadé Mozart

In 1796, Haydn began to set some texts from a collection called *Lyrische Blumenlese* ("Lyrical Bouquet") edited by C.W. Ramler. He later turned to some other collections as well, and composed thirteen in the end, though he had intended to write two dozen pieces. Eleven of these songs call for vocal quartet, two for vocal trio, and all have a keyboard accompaniment. Haydn probably wrote these works in imitation of the social music—catches and glees—that he had heard during his two English stays. The songs display Haydn's charm and his sense of humor, even—or perhaps especially!

in *Die Harmonie in der Ehe* ("Harmony in Marriage"). Mozart always regarded Haydn's unhappy marriage with horror, and here Haydn himself was able to express a few well-chosen notes on the subject. Mozart himself composed a little valentine for three voices in the canon *Caro bell' idol mio* ("My dear, sweet idol") on September 2, 1788, as a light exercise between completing the "Jupiter Symphony" about three weeks before and composing the *Divertimento in E-flat* for string trio about three weeks later.

Johannes Brahms

The three numbers of Brahms's Opus 31 are splendid examples of a genre once popular and now scarcely

heard, the vocal quartet, that was intended largely for performance in the home by good amateur musicians (of which there was a much greater number then than there is now). Brahms had composed *Wechselliell zum Tanze* (literally, "Alternating song at the dance") to a poem by Goethe in 1859 and added the other two pieces of Opus 31 in 1863 to fill out a set for publication. The first number is a brilliant

achievement, contrasting two pairs of dancers: one pair "indifferent" and thinking only about the dance itself, the other pair in love, and paying more attention to each other than to the steps. He created a different kind of music for each pair; the alternating dialogues merge delightfully at the end. The other two songs are charming but far less original: *Neckereien* is a Moravian song of teasing lovers; *Der Gang zum Liebchen* ("The path to the beloved") is a Moravian folk poem.

NEUE LIEBESLIEDER

The most popular of Brahms's part-song works has always been the *Liebeslieder Walzer* (*Love-Song Waltzes*). Published as Opus 52 in 1869, almost immediately after Brahms had finished composing it, the work was first performed in Vienna on January 5, 1870, and achieved instant popularity. It was, in fact, so well received that Brahms composed a set of *Neue Liebeslieder Walzer* as Opus 65 five years later. Both sets employ the serviceable but inconsequential poetry of G.F. Daumer, whose *Polydora* provided the lyrics for Brahms's setting. Both sets honor Brahms's adopted home, Vienna, and are filled with a characteristic Viennese charm; the first is generally

light-hearted in spirit, the second far more passionate, with gypsy-laden Magyar strains. In the first set, the two-piano accompaniment is entirely self-sufficient (indeed, the waltzes are frequently performed without voices at all). But the total effect is enhanced when the works are presented as part songs, ringing the changes on the various traditional concerns of lovers.

There is nothing profound here, no deep analysis of the erotic urge or of human relationships, but as a whole the songs range widely between enticement and ecstasy, rage, joy, and despair. Each one of Daumer's poems takes a single image as its basis, often treating it in a folksong-like manner. The basic form of each waltz is a simple AABB, often with subtle variations in the repeated sections. Brahms strings these together in a suite of waltzes that offers constant variety of texture and tempo, frequent harmonic daring, and a superb demonstration of how varied in expressive impact the waltz can be.

The Opus 65 set is generally regarded as slightly superior to the better-known first set, if only because Brahms reacts to his texts with greater depth of emotion and less flirtatious convention. And the epilogue to the set breaks free of Daumer's undistinguished poetry to employ a much stronger poem by Goethe, a plea to the muses to heal hearts burned in the torment of love.

—Steven Ledbetter

Steven Ledbetter is musicologist and program annotator for the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

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VOCAL TEXTS

Dolcissimo uscignolo

(*Madrigal 18 by Giovanni Battista Guarini*)

Dolcissimo uscignolo,
tu chiami la tua cara compagnia
cantando: "Vieni, vieni, anima mia!"
A me canto non vale
e non ho come tu da volar ale.
O felice augelletto,
come nel tuo diletto
ti ricompensa ben l'alma natura:
se ti negò saper, ti diè ventura.

Sweetest nightingale,
you call to your dear companion
singing: "Come, come, my soul!"
To me song is of no avail
nor do I have wings to fly like you.
O happy bird,
how for your delight
kindly Nature compensates you well:
if she denied you knowledge, she gave you
good fortune.

Se vittorie si belle

(*Madrigal by Fulvio Testi*)

Se vittorie si belle han le guerre d'amore,
fatti guerrier, mio core,
e non temer degli amorosi strali
le ferite mortali.
Pugna, sappi ch'è gloria
il morir per desio della vittoria.

If love's wars have such beautiful victories,
become a warrior, my heart,
and do not fear the mortal wounds
made by the arrows of love.
Fight knowing that it is glorious
to die of desire for victory.

Non havea Febo ancora (Lamento della ninfa—Lament of the Nymph)

(*Canzonetta by Ottavio Rinuccini*)

Non havea Febo ancora
recato al mondo il di
ch'una donzella fuor
del proprio albergo uscì.
Sul pallidetto volto
scorgeasi il suo dolor,
spesso gli venia sciolto
un gran sospir dal cor.
Si calpestando fiori
errava hor qua hor là,
i suoi perduti amori
così piangendo va:
"Amor, dov'è la fe'
che 'l traditor giurò?
Amor," dicea; il ciel
mirando, il piè fermò.
"Fa che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi ch'io
non mi tormenti più.
Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me'
no, no che i suoi martiri
più non dirammi affè,
Perchè di lui mi struggo
tut'orgoglioso sta,
che sì, che sì, se 'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà.
Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei che 'l mio no nè,

Phoebus had not yet
brought daylight to the world
when a maiden came out
of her own dwelling.
On her pale face
her sorrow could be observed,
often a great sigh
would issue from her heart.
Thus treading the flowers
she roamed now here, now there;
her lost love
she goes about bemoaning thus:
"Love, where is the fidelity
that the traitor swore?
Love," she said; looking at
the sky, she stayed her feet.
"Make my love return
as he used to be,
or kill me so that I
May no longer suffer so.
I don't want him to utter sighs any more
unless he is far from me;
no, no, for he will no longer tell me
his sufferings, by my faith!
Because I am consumed with love for him,
he is filled with pride;
yes, yes, if I shun him
he will entreat me again.
If that woman has a brow fairer
than mine is,

già non richiude in seno,
amor, sì bella fe'.
Nè mai sì dolci baci
da quella bocca havrà,
nè più soavi—ah, taci,
taci, che troppo il sa.
(Miserella! ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.)
Sì tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel,
così ne' cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma e gel.

she surely does not bear in her heart
such true fidelity, my love.
Nor will he ever have such sweet kisses
from those lips,
nor more tender ones—ah, be silent,
be silent, for he knows it all too well.
(Poor girl! ah no, no longer
can she withstand such coldness.)
Thus amid indignant tears
she uttered her words to the sky
thus in loving hearts
love mingles fire and ice.

Chi vol haver felice e lieto il core

(Madrigal 99 by Giovanni Battista Guarini)

Chi vol haver felice e lieto il core
non segua il crudo Amore,
quel lusinghier ch'ancide
quando più scherza e ride,
ma tema di beltà, di leggiadria
laura fallace e nia.
Al pregar non risponda, alla promessa
non creda e se s'appressa,
fugga pur, che baleno è quel ch'alletta,
né mai balen Amor se non saetta.

Whoever wishes to have a happy, joyful heart,
let him not be a follower of cruel Love,
that flatterer who kills
when most he jokes and laughs;
but let him fear the deluding, wicked aura
of beauty, of comeliness.
Let him not reply to its entreaties, let him not
believe in its promises, and if it comes near,
let him surely flee, for that allurement is a
lightning flash, and Love never sends the
lightning without the thunderbolt.

from *Amore Traditore*, BWV 203

Recitativo:

Voglio provar, se posso sanar
l'anima mia dalla piaga fatale,
e viver si può senza il tuo strale;
non sia più la speranza
lusinga del dolore,
e la gioja nel mio core,
più tuo scherzo sarà
nella mia costanza.

[O, Love.] I want to try if I can to heal
my soul from your fatal wound,
and live if possible without your arrow;
so that there no longer be
the treacherous hope of the pain
and the joy in my heart,
but rather your treachery will be
in my constancy.

Aria:

Chi in amore ha nemica la sorte,
è folia, se non lascia d'amar.
Sprezzi l'alma le crude ritorte,
se non trova mercede al penar.

Who in love has bad fortune,
it is madness, if he does not abandon love.
The soul scorns the cruel bonds,
if it does not find mercy for its suffering.

Daphnens einziger Fehler (Daphne's only fault)

(J.N. Götz)

Sie hat das Auge, die Hand,
den Mund der schönen Psyche,
sie hat den Wuchs, die Göttermiene,
das holde Lächeln der Jungen Hebe.
Sie hat Geschmack und Weltmanieren,
und weiß zu reden, und weiß zu schweigen.
O, wüßte Daphne nur noch zu lieben!

She has the eyes, the hands,
the mouth of beautiful Psyche.
She has the figure, the divine bearing,
the lovely smile of the young Hebe.
She has taste and worldly manners,
and knows when to speak, and when to be silent.
O, if only Daphne knew how to love!

Caro bell' idol mio

Caro bell' idol mio, non ti scordar di me!
Tengo sempre desio d'esser vicino a te.

My dear beautiful love, do not forget me!
I always have the desire to be near you.

An die Frauen (To the Women)

Natur gab Stieren Hörner,
sie gab den Rossen Hufe,
den Hasen schnelle Füße,
den Löwen weite Rachen,
den Fischen gab sie Flossen,
und Fittige den Vögeln;
den Männern aber Weisheit,
den Männern!
Nicht den Weibem?
Was gab sie diesem?
Schönheit,
statt aller unsrer Spieße,
statt aller unsrer Schilder;
denn wider Weibesschönheit
besteht nicht Stahl, nicht Feuer.

Nature gave the steers their horns,
She gave the horses their hooves,
the hares their quick feet,
the lions their wide jaws.
She gave the fish their fins,
and the birds their wings;
but to the men she gave wisdom,
to the men!
Not to the women?
What did she give them?
Beauty,
instead of all our spears and shields,
for, against the beauty of a woman,
neither steel nor fire
can endure.

Die Harmonie in der Ehe (Harmony in Marriage)

(J.N. Götz)

O wunderbare Harmonie,
was Er will, will auch Sie,
er bechert gem, sie auch,
er lombert gem, sie auch,
er hat den Beutel gem,
und spielt gem den Herm.
Auch das ist ihr Gebrauch.

O wonderful harmony!
What He wants, She also wants.
He likes to drink, so does she,
he likes to play cards, so does she,
he likes the purse,
and likes to play the master.
This too is her custom.

Drei Quartette (Three Quartets)

1. Wechselliéd zum Tanze (Goethe)

Die Gleichgültigen:

Komm mit, o Schöne(r)
komm mit mir zum Tanze;
Tanzen gehört zum festlichen Tag.
Bist du mein Schatz nicht,
so kannst du es werden,
wirst du es nimmer,
so tanzen wir doch.

Die Zärtlichen:

Ohne dich Liebstet(r),
was wären die Feste?
Ohne dich Süß(e)r,
was wäre der Tanz?
Wärst du mein Schatz nicht,
so möcht ich nicht tanzen,
bleibst du es immer
ist Leben ein Fest.

Die Gleichgültigen:

Laß sie nur lieben,
und laß du uns tanzen!
Schmachtende Liebe
vermeidet den Tanz.
Schlingend wir fröhlich
den drehenden Reihen,
schleichen diē Andern
zum dämmern den Wald.

1. Exchange While Dancing

The indifferent ones:

Come with me, o beautiful one,
come with me to the dance.
Dancing belongs to festive days.
If you are not my sweetheart,
you can become my sweetheart,
and even if you never do,
we will still dance.

The affectionate ones:

Without you, dearest,
what would festive days be?
Without you, sweet one,
what would dancing be?
If you weren't my sweetheart,
I wouldn't want to dance,
if you remain mine forever
then life is a festival.

The indifferent ones:

Let them love,
and let us dance!
Languishing love
shuns dancing.
Let us twirl
in the dance
while those others steal away
to the darkening woods.

Die Zärtlichen:

Laß sie sich drehen,
und laß du uns wandeln!
Wandeln der Liebe
ist himmlischer Tanz!
Amor der nahe,
der höret sie spotten,
rächet sich einmal
und rächet sich bald.

2. Neckereien

Fürwahr, mein Liebchen, ich will nun frein,
ich führ als Weibchen dich bei mir ein.

Mein wirst du, o Liebchen,
fährwahr du wirst mein,
und wolltest dus auch nicht sein.

So werd ich ein Täubchen von weißer Gestalt,
ich will schon entfliehen, ich flieg in den Wald;
mag dennoch nicht Deine,
mag dennoch nicht dein,
nicht eine Stunde sein.

Ich hab wohl ein Flintchen, das trifft gar bald,
ich schieß mir das Täubchen herunter im Wald;
mein wirst du, o Liebchen, . . .

So werd ich ein Fischchen, ein goldener Fisch,
ich will schon entspringen ins Wasser frisch;
mag dennoch nicht Deine, . . .

Ich hab wohl ein Netzchen, das fischt gar gut,
ich fang mir den goldenen Fisch in der Flut.

Mein wirst du, o Liebchen, . . .

So werd ich ein Häschchen voll Schnelligkeit,
und lauf in die Felder, die Felder breit;

mag dennoch nicht Deine, . . .

Ich hab wohl ein Hündchen, gar pfiffig und fein,
das fängt mir das Häschchen im Felde schon ein.

Mein wirst du, o Liebchen, . . .

. . . nicht eine Stunde sein.

3. Der Gang zum Liebchen

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
ich sollte doch wieder
zu meinem Liebchen,
wie mag es ihr gehn?
Ach weh, sie verzaget
und klaget, und klaget,
daß sie mich nimmer
im Leben wird sehn.
Es ging der Mond unter,
ich elte doch munter,
und elte, daß keiner
mein Liebchen entführt.
Ihr Täubchen, o girret,
ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
daß keiner mein Liebchen,
mein Liebchen entführt.

The affectionate ones:

Let them twirl
and let us stroll.
Strolling in love
is a heavenly dance.
Cupid is close by
and hears their mocking,
and he will soon
have his revenge.

2. Teasing

Truly, my sweetheart, I'm ready to woo,
and take you as my little wife.

You will be mine, O dearest,
truly you will be mine,
even if you don't want to be.

Then I'll become a little white dove
and fly away, into the woods.

I don't want to be yours,
not even for one hour.

But I have a little gun which shoots well,
I'll shoot me the little dove in the woods.

You will be mine, O dearest, . . .

Then I'll become a little fish, a golden fish,
and jump into the water.

I don't want to be yours, . . .

But I have a little net, which fishes quite well,
I'll catch the golden fish in the water.

You will be mine, O dearest, . . .

Then I'll become a speedy little hare,
and I'll run into the wide fields.

I don't want to be yours, . . .

But I have a little dog, fine and sly,
and he'll catch me the little hare in the field.

You will be mine, O dearest, . . .

I don't want to be yours,
not even for one hour!

3. The Way to One's Sweetheart

The moon shines down,
and I should go again
to my sweetheart,
how is it with her?
Ah, woe, she despairs
and laments,
that she will never
see me again.

The moon went down,
I hurried cheerfully,
and hurried, that no one
should carry off my sweetheart.
Coo, you little doves,
Whirr, you little breezes,
that no one
should carry off my sweetheart.

Neue Liebeslieder (New Love Songs)

(*Verses from G.F. Daumer's "Polydora," after dance songs from various countries*)

1. Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung,
Dich wagend in der Liebe Meer!
Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen
Zertrümmert am Gestad' unher!

2. Finstere Schatten der Nacht
Wogen und Wirbelgefahr!
Sind wohl, die da gelind
Rasten auf sicherem Lande,
Euch zu begreifen imstande?
Das ist der nur allein,
Welcher auf hoher See
Stürmischer Öde treibt,
Meilen entfernt vom Strande.

3. An jeder Hand die Finger
Hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen,
Die mir geschenkt mein Bruder
in seinem Liebessinn'
Und einen nach dem andern
Gab ich dem schönen, aber
Umwürdigen Jüngling hin.

4. Ihr schwarzen Augen,
Ihr dürft nur winken—
Paläste fallen
Und Städte sinken.

Wie sollte stehen
In solchem Strauß
Mein Herz, von Karten
Das schwache Haus!

5. Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn,
Nachbarin, vor Wehe,
Weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug'
Zu bezaubern gehe.

O wie brennt das Auge mir,
Das zu zünden fodert!
Flammet ihm die Seele nicht—
Deine Hütte lodert.

6. Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter,
Weil ich gar so trübe bin.
Sie hat Recht, die Rose sinket,
So, wie ich, entblättert hin.

7. Vom Gebirge, Well' auf Well',
Kommen Regengüsse,
Und ich gäbe dir so gern
Hunderttausend Küsse.

8. Weiche Gräser im Revier,
Schöne stille Plätzchen—
O, wie linde ruht es hier
Sich mit einem Schätzchen!

1. Abandon hope of rescue, O heart,
when you venture on the sea of love!
For a thousand ships are drifting,
wrecked by the surrounding shores!

2. Dark shadows of the night,
danger of waves and whirlpool,
are those who remain quietly
there safe on land
really in a position to understand you?
He alone can do so
who on the high seas
faces stormy solitude
miles away from the shore.

3. The fingers of each hand
I covered with rings
which my brother gave me
in affection;
and I gave away
one after the other
to the handsome but worthless youth.

4. You black eyes,
you have but to wink,
and palaces fall
and cities sink.

How in such a duel
should my heart,
that weak house of cards,
remain standing?

5. Neighbor, guard,
guard your son from harm,
for with my dark eyes
I'm going to bewitch him

O how my eye burns
to inflame him!
If his soul is not kindled,
your hut shall catch fire.

6. My mother pins roses on me
because I am so downcast.
She is right, the rose fades away
when stripped of leaves, like me.

7. From the mountains, wave upon wave,
come torrents of rain.
And I would likewise love to shower
A hundred thousand kisses on you.

8. Soft grasses in the district,
lovely quiet little places—
O how gently one can rest here
with a sweetheart.

9. Nagen am Herzen
Fühl'ich ein Gift mir.
Kann sich ein Mädchen,
Ohne zu frönen
Zärtlichem Hang,
Fassen ein ganzes
Wonneberaubtes
Leben entlang?

10. Ich kose süß mit der und der
Und werde still und krank;
Denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir,
O Nonna, mein Gedanke!

11. Alles, alles in den Wind
Sagst du mir, du Schmeichler!
Allesamt verloren sind
Deine Mühn', du Heuchler!

Einem andern Fang zulieb
Stelle deine Falle!
Denn du bist ein loser Dieb,
denn du buhlst um alle!

12. Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster!
Armes Herz, dein Leiden ist so drückend!
Was dir einzig wert, es steht vor Augen;
Ewig untersagt ist Huldvereinung.

13. Nein, Geliebter, setze dich
Mir so nahe nicht!
Starre nicht so brünnstiglich
Mir ins Angesicht.

Wie es auch im Busen brennt,
Dämpfe deinen Trieb,
Daß es nicht die Welt erkennt,
Wie wir uns so lieb!

14. Flammenauge, dunkles Haar,
Knabe wonnig und verwogen!
Kummer ist durch dich hinein
In mein armes Herz gezogen.

Kann in Eis der Sonne Brand,
Sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren?
Kann die heiße Menschenbrust
Atmen ohne Glutbegehrn?

Ist die Flur so voller Licht,
Daß die Blum' im Dunkel stehe?
Ist die Welt so voller Lust,
Daß das Herz in Qual vergehe?

15. Zum Schluß: (Goethe)
Nun, ihr Musen, genug!
Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,
wie sich Jammer und Glück
wechseln in liebender Brust.
Heilen könnet die Wunden
ihr nicht, die Amor geschlagen;
aber Linderung kommt
einzig, ihr Guten, von euch.

9. Gnawing at my heart
I feel a poison.
Can a maiden,
without indulging
a tender inclination,
bear the thought
of a whole lifetime
devoid of bliss?

10. I sweetly fondle this girl and that
but become silent and ill,
because my thoughts return,
ever and ever, to you, oh Nonna!

11. Into the wind goes all,
all you say to me, you flatter!
Wholly wasted
are your efforts, you hypocrite!

Set your snares
for another catch of love!
For you are a wanton thief,
making love to everyone.

12. Dark forest, your shadow is so gloomy!
Poor heart, your grief is so oppressive!
Before your eyes stands the one thing you value—
forever forbidden is a happy union.

13. No, beloved, do not sit
so close to me!
Do not gaze so fervently
into my face.

Even though they burn in your bosom,
subdue your longings;
so that the world shall not see
how dear we are to each other.

14. Fiery eye, dark hair,
lovely and bold youth,
through you, grief
has entered my poor heart.

Can the sun's fire turn to ice?
Can day change into night?
Can the ardent human breast
breathe without glowing desire?

When fields are so full of light,
why should the flower stand in the dark?
When the world is so full of pleasure
why should the heart perish in torment?

15. Closing:
Now enough, ye Muses!
Vainly you strive to portray
how sorrow and joy
alternate in a loving breast.
You cannot heal the wounds
inflicted by Love;
but relief comes only,
kind ones, from you.

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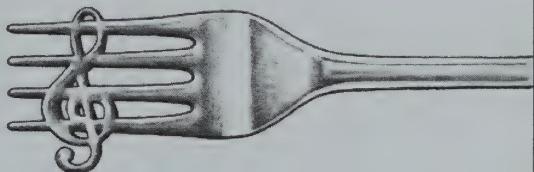
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“THREE CENTURIES OF LOVE IN MUSIC”

Translations of Music

Dolcissimo uscignolo

(Madrigal by Giovanni Battista Guarini, Madrigal 18)

Dolcissimo uscignolo,
tu chiami la tua cara compagnia
cantando: “Vieni, vieni, anima mia!”
A me canto non vale
e non ho come tu da volar ale.
O felice augelletto,
come nel tuo diletto
ti ricompensa ben l’alma natura:
se ti negò saper, ti diè ventura.

Sweetest nightingale,
you call to your dear companion
singing: “Come, come, my soul!”
To me song is of no avail
nor do I have wings to fly like you.
O happy bird,
how for your delight
kindly Nature compensates you well:
if she denied you knowledge, she gave you
good fortune

Se vittorie sì belle

(Madrigal by Fulvio Testi, 1593-1646)

Se vittorie sì belle han le guerre d’amore,
fatti guerrier, mio core,
e non temer degli amorosi strali
le ferite mortali.
Pugna, sappi ch’e gloria
il morir per desio della vittoria.

If love’s wars have such beautiful victories,
become a warrior, my heart,
and do not fear the mortal wounds
made by the arrows of love.
Fight in the knowledge that it is glorious
to die of desire for victory.

Non havea Febo ancora (Lamento della ninfa)

(Canzonetta by Ottavio Rinuccini)

Non havea Febo ancora
recato al mondöil dì
ch'una donzella fuora
del proprio albergo uscì
Sul pallidetto volto
scorgeasi il suo dolor,
spesso gli venia sciolto
un gran sospir dal cor
Si calpestando fiori
errava hor qua hor là
i suoi perduto amori
così piangendo va:
“Amor, dov'è la fe'
che'l traditor giurò?
Amor,” dicea; il ciel
mirando, il piè fermò
“Fa che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi ch'io
non mi tormenti più.
Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me'
no, no che i suoi martir
più non dirammi affè,
Perchè di lui mi struggo
tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che sì, che sì se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà.
Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei che'l mio non è
gia non richiude in seno,
amor, sì bella fe'.
Nè mai si dolci baci
da quella bocca havrà
nè più soavi - ah, taci,
taci, che troppo il sa.
(The men intersperse this couplet:
Miserella! ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir no puö)
Si tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel
così ne'cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma e gel.

Phoebus had not yet
brought daylight to the world
when a maiden came out
of her own dwelling.
On her pale face
her sorrow could be observed,
often a great sigh
would issue from her heart.
Thus treading the flowers
she roamed now here, now there;
her lost love
she goes about bemoaning thus:
“Love, where is the fidelity
that the traitor swore?
Love,” she said; looking at
the sky, she stayed her feet.
“Make my love return
as he used to be,
or kill me [yourself] so that I
may no longer suffer so.
I don't want him to utter sighs any more
unless he is far from me;
no, no, for he will no longer tell me
his sufferings, by my faith!
Because I am consumed with love for him,
he is filled with pride;
yes, yes, if I shun him
he will entreat me again
If that woman has a brow fairer
than mine is,
she surely does not bear in her heart
such true fidelity, my love.
Nor will he ever have such sweet kisses
from those lips,
nor more tender ones - ah, be silent,
be silent, for he knows it all too well.
(Poor girl!, ah no, no longer
can she withstand such coldness.)
Thus amid indignant tears
she uttered her words to the sky
thus in loving hearts
love mingles fire and ice.

Chi vol haver felice e lieto il core
(Madrigal by Giovanni Battista Guarini, Madrigal 99)

Chi vol haver felice e lieto il core
non segua il crudo Amore,
quel lusinghier ch'ancide
quando piü sherza e ride,
ma tema di beltà, di leggiadria
l'aura fallace e ria.
Al pregar no risponda, alla promessa
non creda e se s'appressa,
fugga pur, che baleno è quel ch'alletta,
nè mai balen Amor se non saetta.

Whoever wishes to have a happy, joyful heart,
let him not be a follower of cruel Love,
that flatterer who kills
when most he jokes and laughs;
but let him fear the deluding, wicked aura
of beauty, of comeliness.
Let him not reply to its entreaties, in its
promises let him not believe, and if it comes
near, let him surely flee, for that allurement is a
lightning flash, and Love never sends the
lightning without the thunderbolt.

from *Amore Traditore*, BWV 203

Recitativo:

Voglio provar, se posso sanar
l'anima mia dalla piaga fatale,
e viver si può la speranza
lusinga del dolore,
e la gioja nel mio core,
più tuo scherzo sarà
nella mia costanza.

Aria:

Chi in amore ha nemica la sorte,
è folia, se non lascia d'amar.
Sprezzi l'alma le crude ritorte,
se non trova mercede al penar.

Daphnens einziger Fehler [J.N. Götz]
(Daphne's only fault)

Sie hat das Auge, die Hand,
den Mund der schönen Psyche,
sie hat den Wuchs, die Göttermiene,
das holde Lächeln der Jungen Hebe.
Sie hat Geschmack und Weltmanieren,
und weiß zu reden, und weiß zu schweigen.
O, wüßte Daphne nur noch zu lieben!

She has the eyes, the hands,
the mouth of the beautiful Psyche.
She has the figure, the divine bearing,
the lovely smile of the young Hebe.
She has taste and worldly manners,
and knows when to speak
and when to be silent.
O, if only Daphne knew how to love!

Caro bell' idol mio

Caro bell' idol mio, non ti scordar di me!
Tengo sempre desio d'esser vicino a te.

An die Frauen

Aus der Lyrischen Blumenlese. Die zweite ode Anakreons.

Natur gab Stieren Hörner,
sie gab den Rossen Hufe,
den Hasen schnelle Füße,
den Löwen weite Rachen,
den Fischen gab sie Flossen,
und Fittige den Vögeln;
den Männern aber Weisheit,
den Männern!
Nicht den Weibern?
Was gab sie diesen?
Schönheit,
statt aller unsrer Spieße,
statt aller unsrer Schilde;
denn wider Weibeschönheit
besteht nicht Stahl, nicht Feuer.

Nature gave the steers their horns,
She gave the horses their hooves,
the hares their quick feet,
the lion his wide jaws.
She gave the fish their fins,
and the birds their wings;
but to the men she gave wisdom,
to the men!
Not to the women?
What did she give them?
Beauty,
instead of all our spears and shields,
for, against the beauty of a woman,
neither steel nor fire
can endure.

Die Harmonie in der Ehe [J.N. Götz]

O wunderbare Harmonie,
was Er will, will auch Sie,
er (sie) bechert gern, sie (er) auch,
er (sie) lombert gern, sie (er) auch,
er (sie) hat den Beutel gern,
und spielt gern den Herrn
Auch das ist ihr (sein) Gebrauch.

O wonderful harmony!
What He wants, She also wants.
He (she) likes to booze, so does she (he),
he (she) likes to , so does she (he).
he (she) likes the purse,
and likes to play (the part of) the master.
This too is her (his) custom.

Drei Quartette, Op. 31

1. Wechsellied zum Tanze (Goethe)

Die Gleichgültigen:

Komm mit, o Schöner (o Schöne)
komm mit mir zum Tanze;
Tanzen gehört zum festlichen Tag.

Bist du mein Schatz nicht,
so kannst du es werden,
wirst du es nimmer,
so tanzen wir doch.

Die Zärlichen:

Ohne dich Liebster (Liebste),
was wären die Feste?

Ohne dich Süßer (Süße),
was wäre der Tanz?

Wärst du mein Schatz nicht,
so möcht ich nicht tanzen,
bleibst du es immer
ist Leben ein Fest.

Die Gleichgültigen:

Laß sie nur lieben,
und laß du uns tanzen!

Schmachtende Liebe

vermeidet den Tanz.

Scheingen wir fröhlich
den drehenden Reihen,
scheichen die Andern
zum dämmernden Wald.

Die Zärtlichen:

Laß sie sich drehen,
und laß du uns wandeln!

Wandeln der Liebe
ist himmlischer Tanz!

Amor der nahe,
der höret sie spotten,
rächet sich einmal
und rächet sich bald.

The indifferent ones:

Come with me, o beautiful one
(o handsome one), come with me to the dance.
Dancing belongs to festive days.

If you are not my sweetheart,
you can become my sweetheart,
and if you never do,
we will still dance.

The affectionate ones:

Without you, dearest,
what would festive days be?

Without you, sweet one,
what would dancing be?
If you weren't my sweetheart,
I wouldn't want to dance,
if you remain mine forever
then life is a feast (holiday?, festive day?)

The indifferent ones:

Let them love,
and let us dance!

Languishing love
shuns dancing.

let us twirl
in the dance
while those others steal away
to the darkening woods.

The affectionate ones:

Let the twirl
and let us amble (saunter?, walk?)

The ambling of love (of lovers?) [When lovers
is a heavenly dance.] amble, it's a heav-

Cupid is close by
and hears their mocking,
and he will soon
have his revenge.

Drei Quartette, Op. 31 continued

2. Neckereien (Mährisch)

Fürwahr, mein Liebchen, ich will non frein,
ich führ als Weibchen dich bei mir ein.

mein wirst du, o Liebchen,
fürwahr du wirst mein,
und wolltest dus auch nicht sein.

So werd ich ein Täubchen von weißer Gestalt,
ich will schon entfliehen, ich flieg in den Wald;
mag dennoch nicht Deine,
mag dennoch nicht dein,
nicht eine Stunde sein.

Ich hab wohl ein Flintchen, das trifft gar bald,
ich schieß mir das Täubchen herunter im Wald;
mein wirst du, o Liebchen, ...

So werd ich ein Fischchen, ein goldener Fisch,
ich will schon entspringen ins Wasser Frisch;
mag dennoch nicht Deine, ...

Ich hab wohl ein Netzchen, das fischt gar gut,
ich fang mir den goldenen Fisch in den Flut.
mein wirst du, o Liebchen, ...

So werd ich ein Häschen voll Schnelligkeit,
und lauf in die Felder, die Felder breit;
mag dennoch nicht Deine, ...

Ich hab wohl ein Hündchen, gar pfiffig und fein,
das fängt mir das Häschen im Felde schon ein.
mein wirst du, o Liebchen, ...
... nicht eine Stunde sein.

3. Der Gang zum Liebchen (Böhmischt)

Es glänzt der Mond nieder,
ich sollte doch wieder
zu meinem Liebchen,
wie mag es ihr gehn?
Ach weh, sie verzaget
und klaget, und klaget
daß sie mich nimmer
im Leben wird sehn.

Es ging der Mond unter,
ich eilte doch munter,
und eilte, daß keiner
mein Liebchen entführt.

Ihr Täubchen, o girret,
ihr Lüftchen, o schwirret,
daß keiner mein Liebchen,
mein Liebchen entführt.

Truly, my sweetheart, I'm ready to woo (court),
and take you as my little wife.

You will be mine, O dearest,
truly you will be mine,
even if you don't want to be.

Then I'll become a little white dove
and fly away, into the woods.

I don't want to be yours,
not even for one hour.

But I have a little gun which shoots well,
I'll shoot me the little dove in the woods.

You will be mine, O dearest, ...

Then I'll become a little fish, a golden fish,
and jump into the water.

I don't want to be yours, ...

But I have a little net, which fishes quite well,
I'll catch the golden fish in the water.

You will be mine, O dearest, ...

Then I'll become a speedy little hare,
and I'll run into the wide fields.

I don't want to be yours, ...

But I have a little dog, fine and sly,
and he'll catch me the little hare in the field.

You will be mine, O dearest, ...

I don't want to be yours,
not even for one hour!

The moon shines down,
and I should go again
to my sweetheart,
how is it with her?

Ah, woe, she despairs
and laments,
that she will nevermore
see me.

The moon went down,
I hurried cheerfully,
and hurried, that no one
should carry off my sweetheart.

Coo, you little doves,
Whir, you little breezes,
that no one
should carry off my sweetheart.

Neue Liebeslieder (New Love-Songs), op. 65 nos. 1-15 (1874)

Verses from "Polydora" after dance-songs from various countries

1.

Verzicht, o Herz, auf Rettung,
Dich wagend in der Liebe Meer!
Denn tausend Nachen schwimmen
Zertrümmert am Gestad' umber!

2.

Finstere Schatten der Nacht
Wogen und Wirbelgefahr!
Sind wohl, die da gelind
Rasten auf sicherem Lande,
Euch zu begreifen imstande?
Das ist der nur allein,
Welcher auf hoher See
Stürmischer Öde treibt,
Meilen entfernt vom Strande.

3.

An jeder Hand die Finger
Hatt' ich bedeckt mit Ringen,
Die mir geschenkt mein Bruder
in seinem Liebessinn'
Und einen nach dem andern
Gab ich dem schönen, aber
Unwürdigen Jüngling hin.

4.

Ihr schwarzen Augen,
Ihr dürft nur winken -
Paläste fallen
Und Städte sinken.

Wie solite stehen
In solchem Strauß
Mein Herz, von Karten
Das schwache Haus!

1.

Abandon hope of rescue, O heart,
when you venture on the sea of love!
For a thousand ships are drifting,
wrecked by the surrounding shores!

2.

Dark shadows of the night,
danger of wavers and whirlpool,
are those who remain quietly
there safe on land
really in a position to understand you?
He alone can do so
who on the high seas
faces stormy solitude
miles away from the shore.

3.

The fingers of each hand
I covered with rings
which my brother gave me
in affection;
and I gave away
one after the other
to the handsome but worthless youth.

4.

You black eyes,
you have but to wink,
and palaces fall
and cities sink.

How in such a duel
should my heart,
that weak house of cards,
remain standing?

5.

Wahre, wahre deinen Sohn,
Nachbarin, vor Wehe,
Weil ich ihn mit schwarzem Aug'
Zu bezaubern gehe.

O wie brennt das Auge mir,
Das zu zunden fodert!
Flammet ihm die Seele nicht -
Deine Hütte lodert.

6.

Rosen steckt mir an die Mutter,
Weil ich gar so trübe bin.
Sie hat Recht, die Rose sinket,
So, wie ich, entblättert hin.

7.

Vom Gebirge, Well' auf Well'
Kommen Regengüsse,
Und ich gäbe dir so gem
Hunderttausend Küsse.

8.

Weiche Gräser im Revier,
Schöne stille Plätzchen -
O, wie linde ruht es hier
Sich mit einem Schätzchen!

9.

Nagen am Herzen
Fuhl' ich ein Gift mir.
Kann sich ein Mädchen
Ohne zu frönen
Zärtlichem Hang,
Fassen ein ganzes
Wonneberaubtes
Leben entlang?

10.

Ich kose süß mit der und der
Und werde still und kranke;
Denn ewig, ewig kehrt zu dir,
O, Nonna, mein Gedanke!

5. (ATRI) 81-1

Neighbor, guard
guard your son from harm,
for with my dark eyes
I'm going to bewitch him

O how my eye burns
to inflame him!
If his soul is not kindled,
your hut shall catch fire.

6.

My mother pins roses on me
because I am so downcast.
She is right, the rose fades away
when stripped of leaves, like me.

7.

From the mountains, wave upon wave,
come torrents of rain,
And I would likewise love to shower
a hundred thousand kisses on you.

8.

Soft grasses in the district,
lovely quiet little places -
O how gently one can rest here
with a sweetheart.

9.

Gnawing at my heart
I feel a poison.
Can a maiden,
without indulging
a tender inclination,
bear the thought
of a whole lifetime
devoid of bliss?

10.

I sweetly fondle this girl and that
but become silent and ill,
because my thoughts return,
ever and ever, to you, Nonna!

11.

Alles, alles in den Wind
Sagst du mir, du Schmeichler!
Allesamt verloren sind
Deine Müh'n du Heuchler!

Einem andern Fang zulieb
Stelle deine Falle!
Denn du bist ein loser Dieb,
denn du buhlst um alle!

12.

Schwarzer Wald, dein Schatten ist so düster!
Armes Herz, dein Leiden ist so drückend!
Was dir einzig wert, es steht vor Augen;
Ewig untersagt ist Huldvereinung.

13.

Nein, Geliebter, setze dich
Mir so nahe nicht!
Starre nicht so brünnstiglich
Mir ins Angesicht.

Wie es auch im Busen brennt,
Dämpfe deinen Trieb,
Daß es nicht die Welt erkennt,
Wie wir uns so lieb!

14.

Flammenauge, dunkles Haar,
Knabe wonnig und verwogen!
Kummer ist durch dich hinein
In mein armes Herz gezogen.

Kann is Eis der Sonne Brand,
Sich in Nacht der Tag verkehren?
Kann die heiße Menschenbrust
Atmen ohne Glutbegehrn?

Ist die Flur so voller Licht,
Daß die Blum' im Dunkel stehe?
Ist die Welt so voller Lust,
Daß das Herz in Qual vergehe?

11.

Into the wind goes all,
all you say to me, you flatter!
Wholly wasted
are your efforts, you hypocrite!

Set your snares
for another catch of love!
For you are a wanton thief,
making love to everyone.

12.

Dark forest, your shadow is so gloomy!
Poor heart, your grief is so oppressive!
Before your eyes stands the one thing you
value - forever forbidden is a happy union.

13.

No, beloved, do not sit
so close to me!
Do not gaze so fervently
into my face.

Even though they burn in your bosom,
subdue your longings;
so that the world shall not see
how dear we are to each other.

14.

Fiery eye, dark hair,
lovely and bold youth,
through your, grief
has entered my poor heart.

Can the sun's fire turn to ice?
Can day change into night?
Can the ardent human breast
breathe without glowing desire?

When fields are so full of light,
why should the flower stand in the dark?
When the world is so full of pleasure
why should the heart perish in torment?

Zum Schluß: *Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Nun, ihr Musen, genug!
Vergebens strebt ihr zu schildern,
wie sich Jammer und Glück
wechseln in liebender Brust.
Heilen könnnet die Wunden
ihr nicht, die Amor geschlagen;
aber Linderung kommt
einzig, ihr Gruten, von euch.

Envoi: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Now enough, ye Muses!
Vainly you strive to portray
how sorrow and joy
alternate in a loving breast.
You cannot heal the wounds
inflicted by Love;
but relief comes only,
kind ones, from you.